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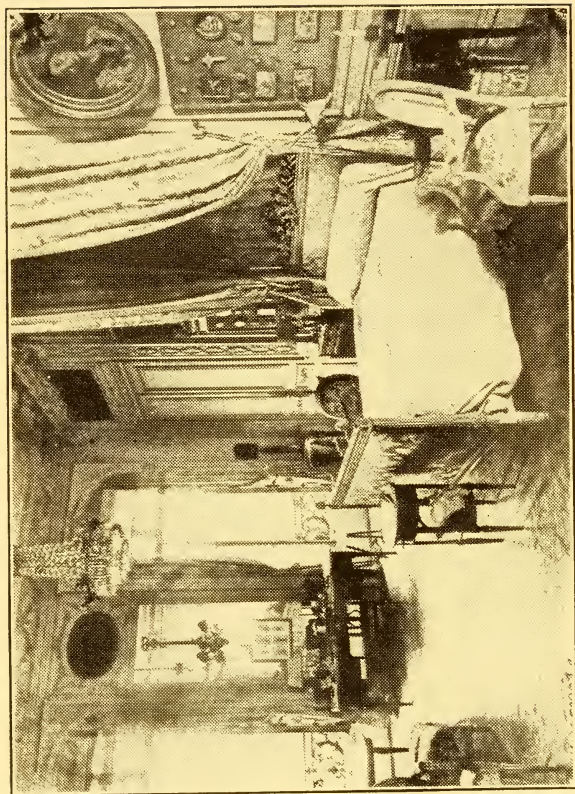
An American Princess

Irene Cowan Tippet



An American Princess





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PRESIDENT WILSON'S BEDROOM IN PARIS "WHITE HOUSE."

The bed chamber of President Wilson in the mansion of Prince Murat in Paris, which America's Executive occupied during his stay in the French Capital.

An American Princess and Other Sketches

By
Irene Cowan Tippet

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I humbly and affectionately dedicate this little volume to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, through whose indefatigable effort many precious records of our Southern orators and statesmen and the history of our Army and Navy have been preserved.

But for their solicitous care, many Confederate veterans and their families would have been destitute. They have alleviated the sorrows of penniless old age and have kept a torch burning in Memory's Hall, where the living may read of the heroic deeds of the dead.

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AN AMERICAN PRINCESS

When Achille Murat, son of Caroline, sister of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Catherine Willis Gray, a daughter of Virginia, were united in marriage, it was one of the many illustrations of the admiration America awakens in the heart of a Frenchman.

The friendship of France and America is of long standing. From the time Lafayette crossed the sea to come to the help of the infant republic; to the time Pershing stood at the head of his tomb and cheered the weary, war-worn soldiers of France with his now famous words, "Lafayette, we have come!" the two nations have joined hands in mutual protection.

Nearly three quarters of a century after the marriage of Prince Achille to a Virginian, the name of Murat came before the eyes of the world again, when Woodrow Wilson, also a son of Virginia, on his first visit to

France during the world war occupied the Murat home in Paris.

America sent her chief executive across the ocean in a floating palace, with a distinguished retinue, and on his arrival he was received with greater pomp than that accorded any sovereign of recent times.

At the request of the French government, Prince and Princess Joachim Murat placed their town house at 28 Rue de Monceau at the disposal of the French authorities to receive President and Mrs Wilson.

Prince Joachim Murat is the son of Prince Lucien Charles Murat, and was born at Bordentown, New Jersey. He is a descendant of Caroline Bonaparte. Princess Murat before her marriage was Cecile Ney, Duchess d'Elchingen. Both Murat and Ney were marshals in the Napoleonic armies.

During the war Prince Murat, despite his age, reëntered the cavalry. The Princess spent a great part of her time at the Château de Chambly in the Department of the Oise, where she looked after several hundred wounded French soldiers.

The splendor of the famous Murat mansion is well known; the extravagance of the

bedrooms, the dinner service of solid, glittering gold, the priceless paintings and tapestries. "There are marbles and mirrors everywhere, vari-colored marbles from the remotest quarries of the world."

It must have given the President great pleasure to find here various souvenirs of General George Washington, presented, no doubt, by his grand niece, the Princess Catherine.

Many Southrons of yesterday have written their names on the pages of history, but the name of Woodrow Wilson, like the name of Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest.

Statesman, historian, idealist, he was an adversary fiercely opposed, yet compelling admiration. General Jan Christian Smuts, premier of South Africa, in an article written for the New York *Evening Post*, takes the position that Mr. Wilson was so placed that he could not have achieved what the world was expecting of him, even if he had been a superman or a demigod.

His failure to bring about a peace with his famous fourteen points was due to the perversity of human nature. He explains:

"The position occupied by President Wil-

son in the world's imagination at the close of the great war and at the beginning of the Peace Conference was terrible in its greatness. Probably to no human being in all history did the hopes, the prayers, the aspirations of so many millions of his fellows turn with poignant intensity as to him at the close of the war. At the time of the deepest darkness and despair, he raised aloft a light to which all eyes had turned. His lofty moral idealism seemed for a moment to dominate the brutal passions that had torn the Old World asunder. And he was supposed to possess the secret to remake the world on fairer lines. The peace which Wilson was bringing the world was expected to be God's peace. Prussianism lay crushed; brute force had failed utterly. The moral character of the universe had been most signally vindicated. There was a universal great hope of a great moral peace, of a new world order rising visibly and immediately on the ruins of the old. . . . In this atmosphere of extravagant, almost frenzied expectation, he arrived at the Paris Peace Conference. Without hesitation he plunged into that inferno of human passions. . . . He

labored until he was a physical wreck. . . . After six months of agonized waiting, he emerged with the Peace Treaty, but it was not a Wilson peace. . . . Let us admit the truth, however bitter it is to do so for those who believe in human nature. It was not Wilson who failed, but human nature itself that failed at Paris. . . . Idealists believe in the power of the spirit, in the goodness which is at the heart of things, in the triumph which is in store for the great moral ideas of the race. But this faith only too often leads to an optimism which is sadly and fatally at variance with actual results. It is the realist and not the idealist, who is usually justified by results. . . . Paris proved this terrible truth once more. Humanity itself failed and not the statesman. The hope, the aspiration, for a new world order of peace and right and justice, however deeply and universally felt, was still only feeble and ineffective in comparison with the dominant national passions which found their expression in the Peace Treaty. Even if Wilson had been one of the great demigods of the human race, he could not have saved the peace.”

The Manchester (England) *Guardian* sent an eloquent tribute to the *New York Times* by cable. . . . “A thrill of joy and pride, such as never came again, went through the huge British army in France on the day when the news spread that Germany had sued for peace on the basis of Mr. Wilson’s famous fourteen points. . . . Had Mr. Wilson had persuasive strength equal to his clarity of vision, he might have dominated at Paris the little crowd of post-war imitators of pre-war Germany.”

The name of Lafayette awakens memories. In the Washington home at Mt. Vernon may be seen many relics once used by this gallant Frenchman. During his visits to the United States he was often accompanied by Prince Achille Murat, who, as has been mentioned, married the grand niece of General George Washington, and it was General Lafayette who introduced the Prince to Catherine Willis. It is extremely interesting to remember that the Prince was a nephew of the great Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, and so closely resembled him that Belgian soldiers

often stopped him on the streets, and with tears in their eyes would shower his hands with kisses. With the blood of the great warrior Napoleon coursing through his veins, and the heritage of an ambition that knew no bounds, with a mind of such brilliancy that he was able to converse easily in seven different languages, Achille Murat astonished France by coming to America and refusing every offer of political advancement. He settled down to the quiet life of a southern gentleman.

A brief reflection of the sacrifices made on the altar of ambition and the last desolate hours spent by Napoleon on the island of St. Helena, together with a brief outline of the career of his father and its tragical ending, brings the answer.

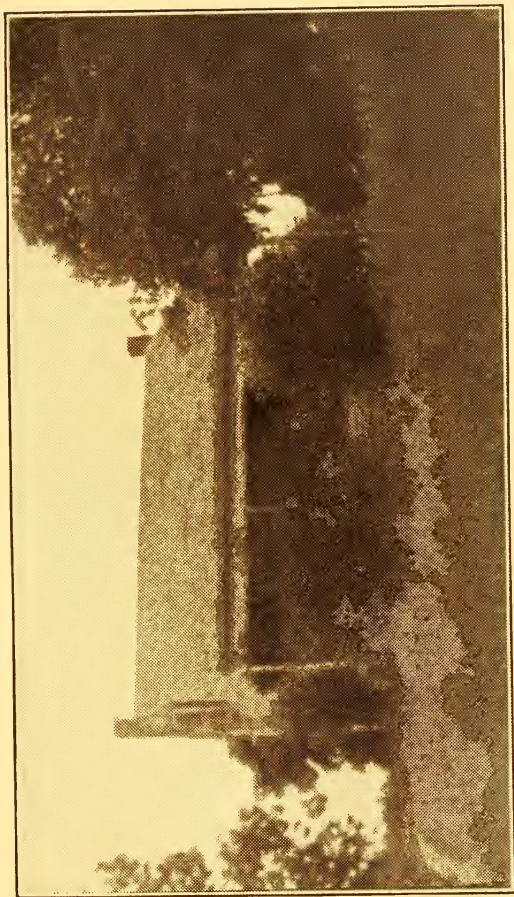
Before beginning the history of the Murats a short outline of the career of the father, Joachim Murat, will enable the reader to account for many of the idiosyncrasies of Prince Achille.

According to *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; as a very young man he was dismissed from the army several times for insubordination.

In Paris, he gained a reputation for his good looks, swaggering attitude, and the violence of his revolutionary sentiments.

He served in the army under Napoleon and was rapidly promoted. He was a cavalry leader whose dashing bravery inspired his men to almost superhuman courage. After the Battle of the Pyramids he was made General. In 1800 he married the youngest sister of Napoleon, Maria Annunciana Carolina. They had two sons: Prince Achille Murat and Lucien Charles.

In 1808 he was appointed by Napoleon to the throne of Naples, made vacant by the transference of Joseph Bonaparte to Spain. King Joachim Napoleon, as he styled himself, dazzled Naples with the unusually extravagant splendor of his clothes and his sumptuous court. Being placed in authority, his caliber immediately became evident. His vain-glorious nature prompted him to break relations with Napoleon to whom he owed his prominence, and he began to entertain thoughts of suspicion against his wife, who, he imagined, wished to dethrone him. He grew reckless in his political ambition to extend his dominion and in his headstrong



“INSTEAD OF REMAINING AT THE EMPEROR’S COURT, THIS PATRIOTIC SOUTHERN
WOMAN RETURNED TO BELLEVUE.”

efforts to carry out his plans; he was finally imprisoned in the fort at Pizzo and on the 13th of October, 1815, he was tried by court-martial under a law he himself had made concerning the disturbing of public peace, and he was sentenced to be shot in half an hour.

After reading his father's career and its tragical ending, it is small wonder that Achille Murat apparently had no political ambition, but refused many offers of advancement and spent the best part of his life on his favorite plantation called Econchattie, located near Tallahassee, Florida. Here he wrote a number of books on the constitution and politics of the United States, and spent his pastime experimenting in cooking and making discoveries as to the dyeing properties of certain plants and vegetables.

The following excerpts were taken from an article written by Matilda McConnell which appered in the *Century Magazine* in the year eighteen-ninety-three:

“Catherine Willis was a daughter of a Colonel Willis of Virginia. At the age of

fifteen, Catherine married a Scotchman. At his death, a year later, Catherine Willis Gray became a widow at the age of sixteen.

“At this time many political refugees found homes in America. Prince Achille Murat, who was the eldest son of the King of Naples had visited America several times with Lafayette. On his last visit, his brother, Lucien Charles came also, and in a short while after their arrival, Prince Achille met the young widow Catherine.

“At their first meeting Catherine did not receive a favorable impression. He was extremely careless in dress and manners, but as time went by, she began to recognize his superior intellect and excuse his peculiarities, and after a most unusual courtship, the grand-niece of George Washington became the wife of the nephew of the great Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte. At this time, the home of Prince Murat and his charming wife became the gathering place for a coterie of brilliant and cultured men and women.”

When distinguished northern friends came down to visit these lord-like slaveholders, their regal entertainment furnished a

topic of conversation long after the visit was nothing more than a memory. All classes, including the slaves themselves, unconsciously imbibed these ideals of hospitality, and when a stranger was invited to break bread, the host, even at the expense of a future sacrifice, welcomed him with a cordiality equal in spirit to that of his princely neighbor.

With the leisure of the nobility, the land holder, having little in the way of athletics or sports to furnish diversion, turned instinctively to his library, and seated on his wide verandah, with the perfume of honeysuckle and magnolia about him, he climbed the Alps, glided silently through the streets of Venice, visited Paris, cultivated the warlike Romans, ancient philosophers and poets, and unconsciously laid the cornerstone of culture and chivalry, which through coming generations will be the birthright of the Southern gentleman.

The story continues:

“Prince Achille was eccentric to a painful degree, and many amusing little stories were told at his expense. The Murats spent the

best part of their married life at Econchat-tie, their large plantation in Jefferson County.

“On one occasion, after the arrival of several unexpected guests, an excited servant informed the hostess that there was not enough flour left to prepare an elaborate meal, and it would be necessary to send a messenger twenty miles to purchase a barrel. Unfortunately the messenger was not told what he was to buy and instead he presented a note in the wretched hand writing of the Prince. The storekeeper could not read it and he called in several others who could not decipher it. Finally, after long deliberation, the servant was sent back, carrying with him a lancet with which to bleed horses. Imagine the helpless consternation of the hostess with a number of hungry guests awaiting dinner!”

Let us leave the Murats long enough to pause for a moment and recall that history has recorded many instances where wives have been obliged to bear the burden of their husband's eccentricities. The wives of great men, statesmen, artists, and musicians have been subjected to much adverse criticism.

Instead of commending her as a thrifty housewife, who has mastered the art of making one guinea do the work of five, the world asks the question: "How did *he* happen to marry *her*?"

William Wordsworth is accused of having formed the habit of waking up in the middle of the night. "O wife," he would say, "I have had an inspiration. Get up and hunt a pencil and paper. I have thought of a good word for one of my poems."

An American woman once remarked that if she had been the unfortunate wife, she would have replied, "Get up yourself husband, I have thought of a bad word."

Xantippe, the much abused wife of Socrates, had a dreadful time making both ends meet, as Socrates spent most of his time ambling about the streets of ancient Athens making speeches to the rabble. The exasperated wife was often obliged to interrupt his weighty discourse by making impatient demands for money in order to obtain daily provisions for the family, for even a philosopher must eat. Yet an old English writer describes the long suffering wife as a "shrewd, curste and wayward woman, wife

of patient Socrates.” How many Xantippes there are in the world!

Madam Murat must have had many desperately embarrassing moments caused by the carelessness of the absentminded Prince, but it is said that she could never refer to him without tears in her eyes, for in spite of his peculiarities, he was a most affectionate husband.

“At one time, Prince Murat owned a large sugar plantation in Louisana, and one day while showing visitors over the place he ventured too near and fell into what appeared to be a vat of boiling syrup. His friends, in alarm, quickly assisted him out, and in answer to their inquiries to his being burned he replied: ‘Kate will make me wash!’ He had a decided aversion to water and drank it only when mixed with whiskey. ‘Water,’ he said repeatedly, ‘is intended only for the beast of the field.’

“Prince Achille bore a striking resemblance to his uncle Napoleon Bonaparte, and while in Belgium in command of a regiment he was often stopped in public by soldiers who knelt and covered his hand with kisses, and during the while he conversed with them

in seven different languages. He remained in Belgium two years.

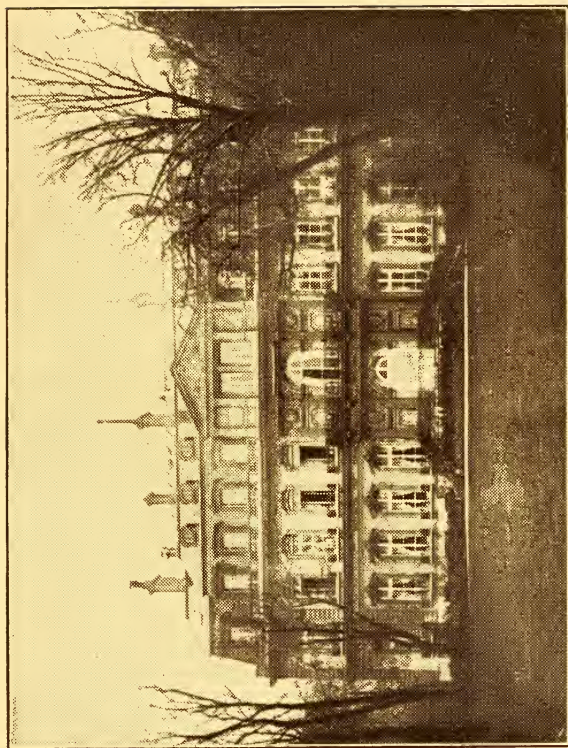
“During their stay, the Princess was asked to chaperone two English girls on a long ride in the country. She was given a lively English steed so strong she could not manage him. The Princess, being a typical American girl, decided that she would not allow her friend to discover the real truth of the matter, so being unable to restrain her horse, she let him go at a rapid gate. ‘How well you ride, Princess! But how fast! Do all Americans ride so fast?’ After a few hours they returned, Catherine Murat nearly dead with fatigue and the English girls loud in their praise of her wonderful horsemanship.

“After returning to America, the Murats lived for a while in St. Augustine and later in New Orleans, where the Prince studied law and was admitted to the bar. However, they eventually returned to Econchattie and he served as Alderman, Postmaster, and Mayor of the city of Tallahassee. During the Florida Indian war he was aide-de-camp to Gen. R. K. Call. The love of the Princess prompted her to follow the Prince most of the time he was engaged in the Indian war

and she watched over him many times when her own life was in danger. Once he lay prostrated with fever for many weeks. During the time the wife attended him in places of peril and was often obliged to lean over him in the darkness to ascertain if his heart was still beating, not daring to burn a light, lest the Indians should discover their hiding place.”

A favorite story at the expense of the Prince is often heard in Tallahassee:

“At one time Madame Murat went away to spend the day with a friend. On her return home, as she approached the house, a huge cloud of smoke could be seen. Thinking the house was on fire, the wife arrived in frantic haste. In her absence, her husband had decided to experiment with certain plants in order to see if dyes could be made from them. They found him in the back yard perspiring over a huge kettle. ‘O Kate,’ he exclaimed, ‘I have made *all* your clothes a most beautiful pink, you will look so lovely in them!’ He had, in his enthusiasm, dyed indiscriminately everything he could lay his hands on, sheets, towels, pillowcases, and all



THE MURAT HOME WHICH PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON OCCUPIED WHILE
IN PARIS.

the clothes he could find. Fortunately, the servants, perceiving his intention, had hidden their mistress' best gowns.

“His experiments in various other lines were still more alarming. ‘Alligator tail soup is fine—but BUZZARD is not good.’ His gentlemen friends were extremely careful about accepting an invitation to dine when the wife was not at home, as the host always expected his guests to help him pass judgment on his freakish concoctions.

“He died at Econchattie in 1847, and his remains lie in the Episcopal cemetery in Tallahassee. During his lifetime, the Murats visited their royal cousins, and soon after the death of the Prince came the restoration of the Bonapartes. They did not forget their charming cousin Kate, and on her next visit to France, she was given a royal reception by the Emperor. On this occasion a most extraordinary little courtesy was shown her by giving her the seat of honor which was usually occupied by the Empress. She afterwards remarked to some of her friends in Tallahassee that the dazzling splendor and the sudden realization of the

honor bestowed upon her excited her so much, she never knew how she was able to walk down the steps.

“Presuming that the Empress was suffering from indisposition, the Princess asked to see her. When she was ushered into the room, she was astonished to see the Empress in perfect health and she advanced to meet her with open arms. ‘Ah Eugenie,’ laughed the husband, ‘will you never remember that you are an Empress?’ The royal family tried to persuade their cousin to make her home in France where she might live in great magnificence.”

At this time came a significant moment in the life of Catherine Murat which unmistakably revealed her caliber.

Louis Napoleon and the Empress, knowing of her loneliness, gave her an insistent invitation to remain in France. The Emperor offered to maintain a magnificent establishment at his expense. But with the undying love and patriotism a Southerner feels for the Southland, Catherine Murat replied that she must return in order to care for her two hundred slaves who would require assistance after having been granted

their freedom, and instead of occupying a palatial establishment in royal circles, this charming, cultured, democratic American woman returned home and spent the remainder of her life at Bellevue. The photograph used in illustration shows how Bellevue looks today. The Princess undoubtedly denied herself many luxuries in order to make ends meet, for the inside of the cottage was neither stained nor painted. The house sits some distance from the road, on the crest of a small hill overlooking the city of Tallahassee. The estate, originally, covered many acres.

“After the close of the war, many white and negro families were in dire distress. Every day found her carriage at the door of the Hospital with some delicacy for a sick soldier. Many of the slaves were suffering for necessities. About this time came a movement on the part of the women to make a special effort for the preservation of Mount Vernon. Being a grand-niece of General Washington the Princess made a mighty effort and raised three thousand dollars for the cause. In desperation, she sacrificed many of her jewels which she shipped to

New York uninsured. In some manner they were lost in transit and nothing came of the sacrifice.

“While she was very poor, Napoleon settled a large annuity upon her. ‘God bless Louis!’ she said to a friend. ‘One night, I lay awake thinking of what I would do for money to live on and the next night I lay awake thinking of how I would spend my money.’

“The devotion of her slaves, after their freedom, was a silent testimonial of her loving kindness and at her death their grief was inconsolable. ‘It is impossible for mis-sus to die,’ they protested brokenly.”

The United Daughters of the Confederacy was not organized until 1894, but Catherine Murat was a most exemplary Daughter. After her death she was laid to rest by the side of her husband. They lie under plain marble slabs and tourists, unfamiliar with the story, stare in amazement at the two simple marble shafts, one of which contains the inscription, “Prince Achille Murat, eldest son of the King of Naples.”

This brings to a close the story of a southern woman in whose veins ran the bluest



A PORTION OF WHAT WAS ONCE A LANDSCAPE GARDEN AT
BELLEVUE.



blood in America, a Daughter of the Confederacy whose undeniable charm and nobility of character prompted her to return home and take up her burden of genteel poverty in the difficult days of reconstruction.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

“The patriotic ardor and devotion of the men and women of the South, their valor and heroism, their endurance and sacrifices, their fortitude and forbearance in defeat, their proud resolution to rise above the horrors of reconstruction and their determination to rebuild their devastated country, will never be fully told, but as the years go by, we should keep these things in the Book of Remembrance.”

—FROM AN ADDRESS BY A U.D.C.

“Of what real consequence is the organization—the United Daughters of the Confederacy? Isn’t it an organization of sentiment, more passive than active? Do they pretend to be charitable?”

The gentleman who advanced this ques-

tion was a New Englander, and his ignorance was excusable, but when a refined Southern woman hinted at the same conclusion, it was distinctly shocking.

Since Sept. 10, 1894, this remarkable patriotic organization has modestly marched forward toward its ultimate goal, overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles and today it occupies a unique place in the annals of American history.

While the writer feels unworthy to record any of the virtues of this band of noble women, for the benefit of any who should doubt the importance and far reaching influence of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and without asking their permission, I am presuming to attempt as briefly as possible to give an outline of the nature of their undertakings.

The excerpts given are taken from various chapters found in the minutes of Annual Conventions. The prevailing sentiment is expressed by Ruth Jennings Lawton, President of the South Carolina Division, when she says: . . . "and so we are not unmindful of these men, who gave their all for us, realizing, as we do, that a people for-

getting its past, deserves itself to be forgotten."

Again, another expresses their tender interest: "The Confederate Veterans and the Women of the Confederacy should be our first consideration. We care for them in life and honor them when they have passed into the Great Beyond."

It is a sad, deplorable fact that the majority of old soldiers are without adequate means of support, and being too proud to accept promiscuous assistance, would have suffered untold privations but for the support offered them by the U. D. C. chapters.

A few figures from various reports will give an idea of the work that is being done along different lines. It will be remembered that many of these reports came from small towns where amounts cannot be raised except by personal sacrifices.

"Thanksgiving and Christmas gifts	
to soldiers.....	\$50.00
Thirty baskets of fruit for sick veterans	37.00
Coal and food for needy soldiers..	65.99
Care of veterans and families in northern states	

Donations for memorials
To educate French and Belgian orphans
Armenian relief
Donation for service man—soldier in
world war
Division scholarships.”

Hundreds of dollars are spent yearly for the relief of Confederate women, their children, and their grand-children.

The Education Committee: “*Madam President-General and the United Daughters of the Confederacy*: Your Education Committee in presenting this, its twelfth annual report, brings you the glad tidings of a new stage reached in the development of the most important of your activities. The first Education Committee felt the need of a fund to assist a student wherever he desired to obtain an education, and so in 1909, a recommendation was adopted to bestow the scholarship living fund then given, with whichever tuition scholarship the student selected; but the plan was not practical at the time, therefore Washington and Lee and Vassar scholarships were definitely provided for. The need persisted however, finally being answered in Miss Poppenheim’s res-

olution for a \$50,000.00 endowment fund for loan scholarships, adopted at Chattanooga. The following year this was changed into a great memorial for the boys of the South who saw service in 1917-1918, and the first interest from the fund set aside as gift scholarships for these boys, the fund to be employed as planned when they no longer needed it. Through this wonderful Hero Fund the U. D. C. have entered this fall on a definite constructive policy. Hitherto, the General Organization has been but an agent giving out the scholarships that have been given to it, except in the cases of the appropriations to the scholarships referred to above. Now it is in a position to pay its way, and as this fund increases, to open the doors of any institution over the whole world to Southern boys and girls."

This spring Part Wx 2 of Education Circular number 17, issued April 1, 1920, was headed 1917-1918 Hero Fund.

"To honor the men of the South, who served their reunited country wherever needed in 1917 and 1918 and to offer assistance to the descendants of Confederate veterans, who have served in the world war."

A number of ex-service men have already taken advantage of this excellent opportunity and have attended the following colleges:

Princeton University.
Tulane University.
University of Virginia.
University of Alabama.
Clemson College.
University of North Carolina.
State Agricultural Colleges.
S. C. Medical College.

With the help of the Hero Fund, many young men, who would have otherwise spent their lives behind counters, have been able to enter colleges and acquire professional and vocational training.

Outside of this fund for ex-service men, provision is made for the education of boys and girls in the South who could not enter college without some assistance.

Scholarships may be secured each year through local chapters, to be used at any of the following colleges:

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.
Stonewall Jackson College, Abdingdon, Va.

Converse College, Spartanburg, S. C.
Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.
Elizabeth Mather College, Atlanta, Ga.
Gulf Coast Military Academy, Gulfport,
Miss.
Sophie Newcomb Memorial Institute, New
Orleans, La.
University of North Carolina, Chapel
Hill, N. C.
Medical College of South Carolina, Char-
leston, S. C.
Lucy Cobb Institute, Athens, Ga.
University of Virginia.
Army and Navy Preparatory School,
Washington, D. C.
Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn,
Ala.
Centenary College, Cleveland, Tenn.
Eastern College, Manassas, Va.
Harriman College, Harriman, Tenn.
Martin College, Pulaski, Tenn.
Meridian College Conservatory, Meridian,
Miss.
Marian Institute, Marian, Ala.
Presbyterian Preparatory School, Annis-
ton, Ala.
Randolph-Macon Academy, Fort Royal,
Va.
Southern Methodist University, Dallas,
Tex.

Southwestern Presbyterian College,
 Clarksville, Tenn.
 Springside School, Chestnut Hill, Penn.
 St. Mary's School, Memphis, Tenn.
 Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
 University of Alabama, University, Ala.
 University of Oklahoma, Norman, Okla.
 University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia.
 University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.
 University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
 Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo.
 Breneau College Conservatory, Gaines-
 ville, Ga.
 Columbia Institute, Columbia, Tenn.

This is the list given in full for the in-
 formation of any who might be interested.
 Each state, through Divisional Chapters,
 supports fifty or more divisional scholar-
 ships.

The following report shows the total ex-
 penditure for educational purposes from
 November, 1919, to November, 1920:

290 and over Scholarships in Di-	
visions and Chapters, value..	\$57743.00
73 Scholarships in General Or-	
ganization, value	9370.00
23 unclassified scholarships...	3525.00
<hr/>	
Total Scholarships in U. D. C.	\$70638.00

Assistance given schools and colleges	\$4139.00
Assistance given libraries.....	518.50
1,364 volumes presented to libraries	1535.25
237 prizes and medals to students	1677.15
Gifts to schools.....	3031.50

Total expenditure.....\$81539.40

Involuntarily comes an exclamation. "How magnificent!" From the Minutes I take this paragraph:

"Human beings, through the toilsome yester ages, have learned the art of living together. Out of elemental impulses grew family life with a spirit of love, self sacrifice and a sense of duty as to the rights of each in relation to the rights of all. Out of family life, as we know, grew national life with its evolving democratic principles of government, based on the consent to be governed. Good government depends on the educated intelligence of the governed, so we swing to education as the keynote of progress."

What a privilege to have even a small share in such an undertaking!

The work of the Confederate Museum has

gone forward slowly but surely, and the U. D. C. are now looking forward to the day when they will be able to erect a library on the grounds of the Museum.

For many years untiring effort on the part of the members has resulted in a splendid collection of relics, books, manuscripts, gifts, etc., in memory of some hero of the 'Sixties.

The Provisional Constitution of the Confederate States of America is one of the priceless manuscripts found in the Museum and the Original Great Seal of the Confederate States of America is also in their keeping.

Visitors stand before the cases of Lee, Jackson, Stuart and Johnson and look with reverence on what was actually worn or used by these men who helped to make a world's history.

In addition to what has already been mentioned, costly monuments and memorials have been erected all over the United States in honor of the South's distinguished dead.

America is always in pursuit of the almighty dollar. But for the perseverance of its women, many valuable records of orators,

statesmen, and veterans serving in the war between the states, also soldiers serving in the world war, would have been irredeemably lost.

Mrs. C. F. Harvey, President of North Carolina Division, in her welcoming address at the annual convention, held in Asheville in nineteen-twenty, pays this beautiful tribute to the land of her birth:

“Dixieland is a land of memories and traditions; memories sacred and sweet, with traditions that inspire in us the love of country. We are justly proud of our ancestry; its achievements, its deeds of valor, its feats of endurance, its fortitude and courage are a sacred heritage.”

In attempting to offer a closing eulogy to this, perhaps the most patriotic organization of its kind in existence, I chanced to find these beautiful words in the Twenty-seventh Annual.

“ . . . women whose stories will always live, glorious examples of truest womanhood, tender and pure, beautiful and gracious, women whose souls were bound up in a cause, than which earth knew no nobler.”

ALABAMA ROOM HOME OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS

*“Ah Sir Lancelot, there thou liest.
Thou wert head of all Christian
Knights, and I dare say, thou wert
the courtliest Knight that ever bare
shield. Thou wert the kindest man
that ever strake with the sword.
Thou wert the meekest and gentlest
that ever ate in the hall among la-
dies and thou wert the sternest
Knight to thy mortal foe that ever
put spear in rest.”*

—TRIBUTE TO ROBERT E. LEE.

Through the activities of Admiral Raphael Semmes, an Alabaman and a distinguished naval veteran, the room of the Town Hall in Geneva, Switzerland, in which the various international offices are located, will be known as the “Alabama” room, for it was in this room that the famous controversy

between the United States and Great Britain was settled. Here it has practically been decided that the League of Nations will have its permanent abiding place. The Geneva correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* gives us some interesting details concerning the cause of the christening.

A mural tablet which commemorates the event reads as follows: "On September 14th, 1872, the arbitration tribunal constituted by the Treaty of Washington, promulgated in this room its decision regarding the Alabama claims. In this way, there was settled in a pacific manner the difference that had arisen between the United States and the Kingdom of Great Britain."

The vessel which Captain Raphael Semmes commanded — the Alabama — was built for the Confederate government by Laird & Sons, Berkshire, England, and it inflicted such terrible injury on the shipping of the northern states during the Civil War, that when the war ended disastrously to the South, claims were made against England by the North, based on the tremendous losses sustained by the activities of Semmes. It

was a small vessel carrying only eight guns and intended not for fighting, but preying on defenceless ships. It was a screw steam-sloop, 1,040 tons register, built of wood and for speed rather than strength. She was bark-rigged and had two engines of 350-horsepower each. While great secrecy was enjoined in her construction and the purpose of the vessel, the government at Washington got secret information that led it to call England's attention to the matter, but before England could take definite action, the vessel had disappeared and gone to sea. The crew consisted of eighty men all told and had an armament of only eight 32-pounders.

The history of the Alabama consists of a monotonous succession of captures in different seas, her prizes being principally merchant vessels which were burned, or when there was convicting evidence of neutral ownership of her cargo, were liberated on bond. She captured in all 65 vessels, and the value of the property destroyed has been estimated at many million dollars. It was, however, by causing increasingly heavy insurance for war risks, and still more diffi-

culty in getting freights that her career inflicted the greatest injury to the ship owners, and the great hurt to the union cause.

Finally, an enemy ship, the "Kearsarge," appeared. Captain Semmes, according to one historian, did not know the extent of the superiority of the enemy ship. The Kearsarge had considerable advantage in number of crew, armament, speed, and general condition, beside she was, in some degree, protected amidships by rude armor. The fight took place outside the harbor at Cherbourg and about noon Captain Semmes surrendered, his vessel having begun to sink, and twenty minutes later, the Alabama disappeared under the water. As she went down, Semmes and forty officers and men plunged into the sea, and were picked up by the English yacht "Deerhound" that had brought out a party of sightseers from Cherbourg. The English government refused to deliver the men when called upon to do so, and out of this incident grew intense feeling on the part of the United States, which continued until after the Civil War.

It will be interesting to the rising generation of southerners to know that John A.

Boles, solicitor of the navy department, to whom was given the work of looking up the evidence against Semmes, in his report said :

“Not only did Semmes’ official conduct conform to a well known policy of the American navy, but it was directed by similar instructions from the Secretary of the Confederate Navy. Do the enemy’s commerce the greatest injury in the shortest time, was Mr. Mallory’s significant order to Semmes, and never in naval history has an order been so signally obeyed.”

Naturally, Alabama is very proud of her distinguished veteran, and several chapters of the United Daughters of the Confederacy bear his name.

In Washington, District of Columbia, in nineteen-seventeen the parade of the Confederate Veterans took place. The following tribute to the heroic old soldiers was written by Richard J. Beamish, staff correspondent for the *Philadelphia Press*. It is exquisitely beautiful, throbbing with tenderness for the boys of the 'sixties, who can linger but a few more years.

“I have seen an army of ghosts today. Gray as graveyard mist it was, and slowly

as graveyard mist it drifted past. . . . No more pathetic spectacle was ever witnessed in Washington than that which unfolded and dissolved like a dream this morning. . . . Like a dream it will remain with those who looked with seeing eyes, a dream in which human sacrifice was viewed through a veil of tears.

“From all parts of the South they came, those who gave their all to follow Jefferson Davis and his generals in their unavailing efforts for secession. Above the creeping, dull-gray line flew the rebel Stars and Bars. Rebel battle flags that had flashed forward to victory at Bull Run and had been driven from Pennsylvania soil at Gettysburg showed their shell torn tatters through protective webs of silk as they were lifted high above the stooping ranks. But beside the cross-barred flag floated Old Glory, and upon the withered chests of the men in gray gleamed the tri-color that spells both France and America.

“No inauguration procession within the memory of Washington brought forth enthusiasm that compared with that that swept

over the hundreds of thousands who saw the thin gray line today.

“Never can I forget the last rank of the Arkansas division. There was the usual flutter of flags, the usual applause as the fine old commanders of the division on their sedate livery horses paced by. Then came the ranks on foot. Clad in that peculiar death-gray of the Southern back-woods, they came with the slow silent movement of oncreeping age. . . . But the unforgettable feature of that rear rank was a plain old woman of the Arkansas back woods at the end of the line near the President. Little and bent, she was in all rusty black. Her black bonnet was of another era and her dress was of no recognizable period, but no woman in all Washington, not Mary Custis Lee, who combines all the blood for which the South gladly faced death, not the beautiful wife of the President in her modish and becoming raiment, nor any other woman in or out of that parade received half the attention or one-tenth the honor that followed the little old woman of Arkansas.

“For she walked with her hand in that of

her dauntless lover. Close to ninety was he, and feeble almost unto death, but the spirit that rode with Stuart kept him moving slowly, painfully, steadily on. His weariness was such that his head fell forward upon his chest. It was only by the full force of an imperious and unshaken will that he lifted his eyes from the cruelly hot asphalt to salute with a heart-breaking effort at old-time gallantry the President of the United States. Every step took from him hours of life, but he pressed on and on.

“The little old woman in black steadied him when he faltered, and at intervals fanned him with a crumpled newspaper, whispering words of assurance as she did so. Then the command to resume the march came and she took his hand and drifted on with her man, a black edge to the fog of living gray. Hundreds of helpers besides the little old woman in black were among the 10,000 in the slow, gray line. Daughters and sons were there to lend cheer and helpful arms to men that were dare-devils in the great struggle and who marched with firm steps, but these were plainly the drummer boys in the days of the 'sixties.

“Just to show how they felt about the little affair into which we have just entered, they carried banners, ‘Damn a man who ain’t for his country right or wrong.’ ‘We’ll go to France or anywhere you want to send us.’ ‘Call on US boys if YOU can’t do it.’

“I saw faces made noble by war-time sacrifices and by hardships nobly endured, faces that stood out softly in the mist, each like a Moses carved from a cloud by a Michael Angelo. Never have I seen such majesty of Americanism as in the slow, loving salute with which they turned their faded eyes and withered hands towards the President. It was an expression of eternity; of that unquenched and unquenchable spirit, that, please God, will hold America together while life lasts.”

OLD GLORY

Here's to the red of it,
There's not a thread of it,
No, nor a shred of it
In all the spread of it
From foot to head,
But heroes bled for it,
Precious blood shed for it,
Bathing it red.

Here's to the white of it,
Thrilled by the sight of it,
Who knows the right of it,
But feels the might of it
Through day and night;
Womanhood's care for it,
Made manhood dare for it,
Purity's prayer for it,
Kept it so white.

Here's to the blue of it,
Heavenly blue of it,
Star-Spangled hue of it,
Honesty's view of it,
Constant and true;
Here's to the whole of it,
Stars, Stripes and pole of it
Here's to the soul of it,
RED, WHITE, and BLUE.

THE INVULNERABLE SPIRIT OF THE KHAKI

“Lafayette — we have come”

Perhaps nothing in the history of mankind is half so sweet as the silence that follows the hush of the roar of the cannon.

Peace, like a great brooding dove, is hovering over the world and her wings are contriving to cover any obstreperous little nation which, like an unruly chick, attempts to wander from the nest and stir up a controversy over a choice morsel.

Today the American flag has a new significance, for in the great commonwealth of the United States mansions and tenements alike were crushed beneath the heel of the grim-visaged War, and there were few homes that did not send forth some bright-eyed, red-lipped boy to become cannon fodder for the insatiable guns of the Germans.

East, West, North, South — fired with patriotism our khaki-clad boys entered

eagerly into the strenuous experience of intensive training. With blistered feet and aching heads, men less robust than their comrades, having spent practically all their lives in a class room in silk shirts and flannels, sat in the sickening glare of a shadeless cantonment, and with that keen sense of humor which characterizes the khaki, wrote letters home.

“Say! Hello Dad! I’ve been promoted. I am now acting Madonna of the Cook stove. Tell mother at dishwashing I’m a whirlwind and at potato peeling I’m a graduate.”

From the soft, clear eyes of a debutante, these young Americans, looking across No Man’s Land, saw through a cloud of vile smoke and gas the distorted features of the approaching Hun.

“Oh forget it! forget it!” the ex-soldier exclaims irritably.

But America should never forget it—that Reign of Terror.

No warrior of any nation, however barbaric, knew of any torture that equalled the horrors of mustard gas, classed shrapnel, and high explosives.

Some member of the Marine Corps, in a

letter home, makes what he calls a feeble attempt to describe modern warfare:

“There is nothing in the history of heaven or earth or nightmares of a deranged mind, that can offer a simile to this war. . . . Sherman’s expression is mild and civilized . . . so battles have intensified until they are a million hells rolled into one.”

This was written after twenty days or more at Château Thierry where inexperienced soldiers, who had never faced shell fire, dashed into the thickest of the fray like veterans, and according to an officer in charge:

“Never have men fought under the flag with greater heroism, dash, and gallantry, than did those machine gunners of the lone battalion at Château Thierry.”

Even now rosy-cheeked school children are being told of the remarkable valor of their older brothers on the battlefield.

They hear of the superb action in Belleau Wood and Argonne Forest—of the Thirtieth Division, composed of boys from the states of Tennessee and the Carolinas, who broke the Hindenburg line and struck terror to the heart of Germany—the Thirty-sixth

Division from Texas—the Rainbow Division—and their eager little mouths fly agape at the daring of the naval aeroplanes.

The pugnacity of the Wild Cats from Alabama is said to have become alarming, for like Don Quixote, the Knight of olden fame, when they had no living thing to attack, they fought the inanimate.

The masterful generalship of Pershing filled the average recruit with an overwhelming sense of awe. At one time while reviewing some troops from a southern cantonment, the general exclaimed in astonishment:

“Why, lieutenant, here is one of your men who can’t even stand attention.”

The lieutenant, a very young man, coughed, choked, and cleared his throat, and wondered if he might dare to explain the fact that String Beans was born with a crooked back and to straighten out his anatomy would be nothing short of an impossibility.

“Well, how did you like the general’s compliment?” the boys asked the long, lanky youth on whom Pershing had looked contemptuously.

“Don’t know nothin’, he said,” answered

String Beans, grinning. "Couldn't hear it for the music."

"Music?"

"Yes, har! har! gosh ding it, my *knees* were playin' Home Sweet Home."

Noticeable about our heroes in khaki, is their impenetrable reserve and their innate modesty concerning their deeds of bravery. While reading that thrilling story, "With the Help of God and a few Marines," I came across this letter, a portion of which I take the liberty to quote:

"Machine guns were everywhere. We saw one German a short distance before us, who had two dead ones lying across him. He was in a sitting posture and shouting, 'Kamerad! Kamerad!' We discovered he was serving as a lure, and wanted a group of marines to come to his rescue, so that the kind hearted Americans would be in direct line for the machine guns that were in readiness. . . . Before I knew what I was doing, I bobbed up and stuck my bayonet in that Kamerad bird, while the others were all shouting at me to stay back. My pack

was pretty badly shot up—but they didn't get me. After that I thought I was bullet proof, but on the second day a machine gun got me in the right arm, just above the elbow. . . I picked up the part of the arm that was hanging loose and started to walk to the dressing station, and I nearly got there."

Innumerable instances of other indomitable spirits have been cited by war correspondents.

"When you are thinking about battlefields," exclaimed a private, "and dwelling on the luxury of a pick and shovel, and the sight of a dead man with a cigaret in his hand and with his head blown off, don't forget the COOTIE, for it belongs in the same class. Omnipresent, devilishly sociable with a bottomless pit for a stomach, the cootie came into his own when Germany cried Havoc!—and let loose the dogs of war. With two exceptions he showed little partiality but visited majors and privates alike. Many a time while I was looking to see how many more dozen I could add to my collection, I'd look across the way and see ole Maj. in Suicide Annex, exploring his shirt

also, paying no attention whatever to the death hiss of the shells in the heavens."

The sociable one, it seems, had a preference for underwear and Red Cross knitting.

Many grotesque looking objects, knitted by children and school girls at home, reached the helpless Sammies in the cantonments.

"Several girls sent me sweaters," confided a soldier, "but my best girl was named Elsie. Well, Elsie, bless her heart—can't do anything but shake a mean biscuit with her footsies, but she learned to knit and crocheted me a sweater. The holes in that sack were nearly as big as a half dollar and she wrote and asked me:

" 'How do you like it, Precious?'

" 'Well, Kiddo, if you don't mind my saying so, she's a corker. She is wonderfully and fearfully made and will stretch from earth to heaven.' "

This invincible spirit of humor stuck to the American soldier through the most crucial moments, and even in the trenches, again and again with machine guns belching a leaden death, Sammie never exhausted his reserve stock of wit and humor.

"Ha! Fritzie try again! Rotten aim, old

Buddy! Heigho! I've put your address on this shell Hunnie!" and now and then the comical wail of "Oh! if Mama could only see little Willie now!"

A characteristic story was told me by a sergeant who formed the habit of cultivating the acquaintance of old men and women in France and trying to induce them to tell him historical stories.

On one occasion a little old French woman, about to celebrate her eightieth birthday, yet still vivacious and attractive, insisted on accompanying the young soldier to the city, where some kind of a festival was in progress.

"She told me more about the customs, traditions, and history of France than all the other people I met put together, so I told her to come along and she and me would have the time of our young lives. How she'd laugh when I'd say that! Well, you know French people are death on wines. At the banquet, she kept drinking and drinking and then she'd say the cutest things you ever heard. I kept on begging her not to fill her glass, for she was such a nice little old woman, with about a million wrinkles on her

face, and I hated like the dickens to see her get tipsy, but she simply wouldn't stop, and finally,"—he laughed so heartily at the recollection, he was obliged to pause and get his breath.

"What on earth did you do with her?" I asked curiously.

"Well," answered the boy, his white teeth gleaming, "I didn't have any long green to hire a taxi, she — didn't live far — and she didn't weigh much, so yours truly picked her up and *carried* her."

Little wonder the old women of France at the sight of our army said to themselves: "Ah! we are saved! We are **SAVED**. The Americans have come — and their legs are of a bigness!" Truly the sight of a husky regiment in khaki was enough to inspire this confidence.

"Oh!!!! here is Captain — won't you please tell us about that awful time when you spent eighteen days in Argonne Forest?" several college girls implored a young man who had just returned from the trenches.

He shook his head, but in spite of the mastery of mind over body — in a moment, he

was back again and he heard the rage of a wild, demoniacal tempest—he felt himself pushing on into a forest reeking with poison gas and bristling with bullets—then a lull—and the end of another day—a gray morning when his brother was left behind and the memory of a salute—the only salute a private ever received—somewhere in France.

“Please,” begged the girls, innocent of the hurt they were inflicting.

“Once,” said the officer evasively, “when I was a kiddie, I had a hobby horse, and every night I’d feed him straw and hay and every morning father and mother would take the food away and I thought my pony was eating. Then my mother bought me a chocolate coated rabbit that was so ornamental I used to put it on the parlour mantel so the company could admire it.” He stopped and lifted his eyebrows significantly: “And—when I was *sure* my mother was too busy to watch me—every time I had a chance, I took it down and *licked* it.”

The eager friends were silent. Something in the mute appeal to allow him forgetfulness, had reached them.

Such is the enviable spirit of our soldier.

As a result of high explosives, gas, and other fiendish inventions hitherto unknown in warfare, hundreds and hundreds of ex-service men are now languishing in government hospitals, sleeping in plaster casts and iron jackets. It is enough that they should fight the Hun, but they are still battling — with a foe that is seldom conquered.

“What is the matter, if I may ask?” you inquire of an inmate.

“Oh, I went to France, was gassed, got a scratch that was neglected. Now I’ve got T. B., but I’ll get well, lots of fellows do, don’t you know?”

“God bless each particular hair on each particular head!” exclaimed a grayhaired woman as she came out of Kenilworth hospital at Asheville.

“Cut it out, grandma,” urged her grandson who had left his right leg on No Man’s Land; then he added imploringly: “Try to be a good sport like me — old top!”

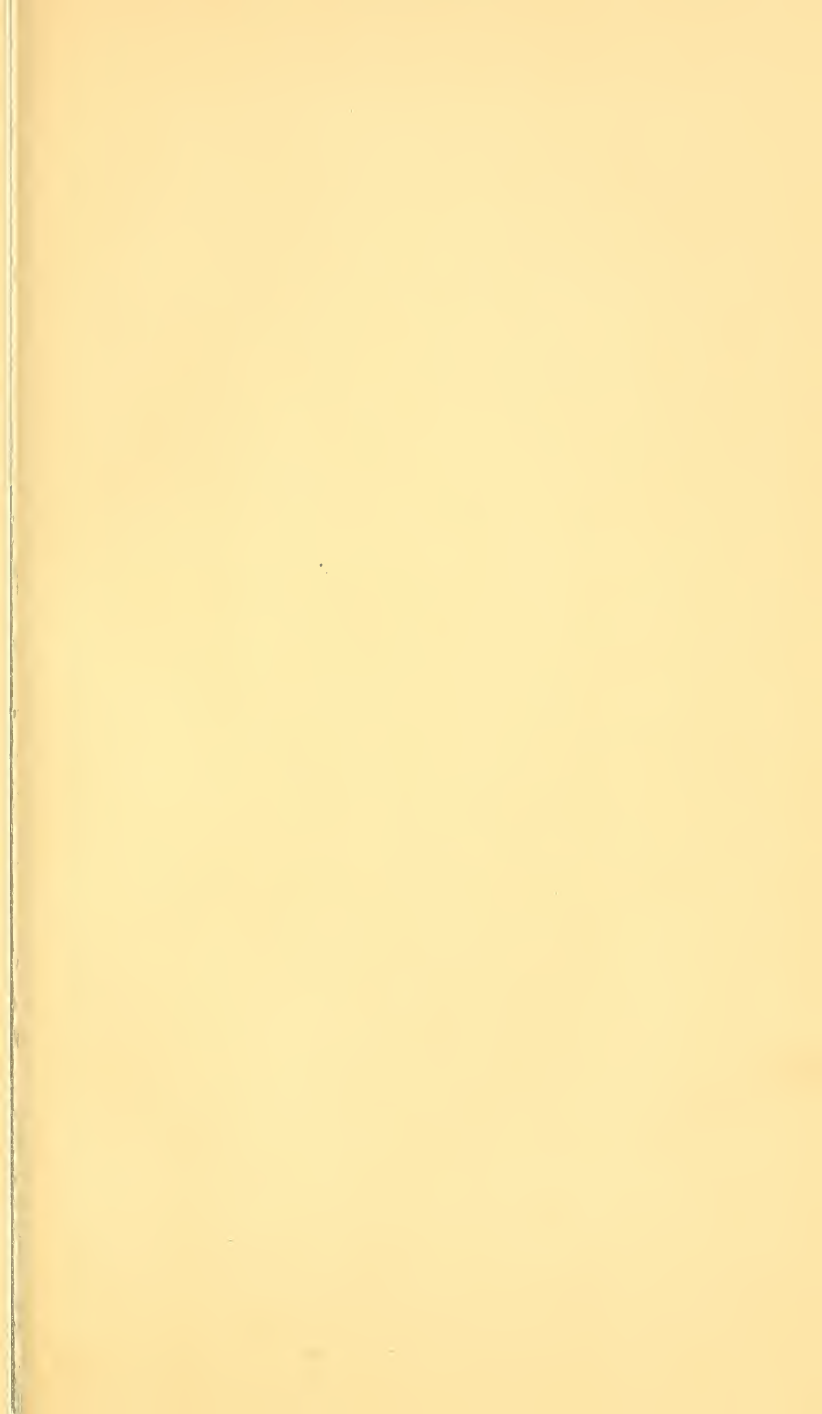
Flower of our manhood in homes for the incurable! Youth of our army sleeping in Flanders!

Brigadier-General Catlin expresses the

belief that America went into this war solely to save the ideals of Christianity from destruction.

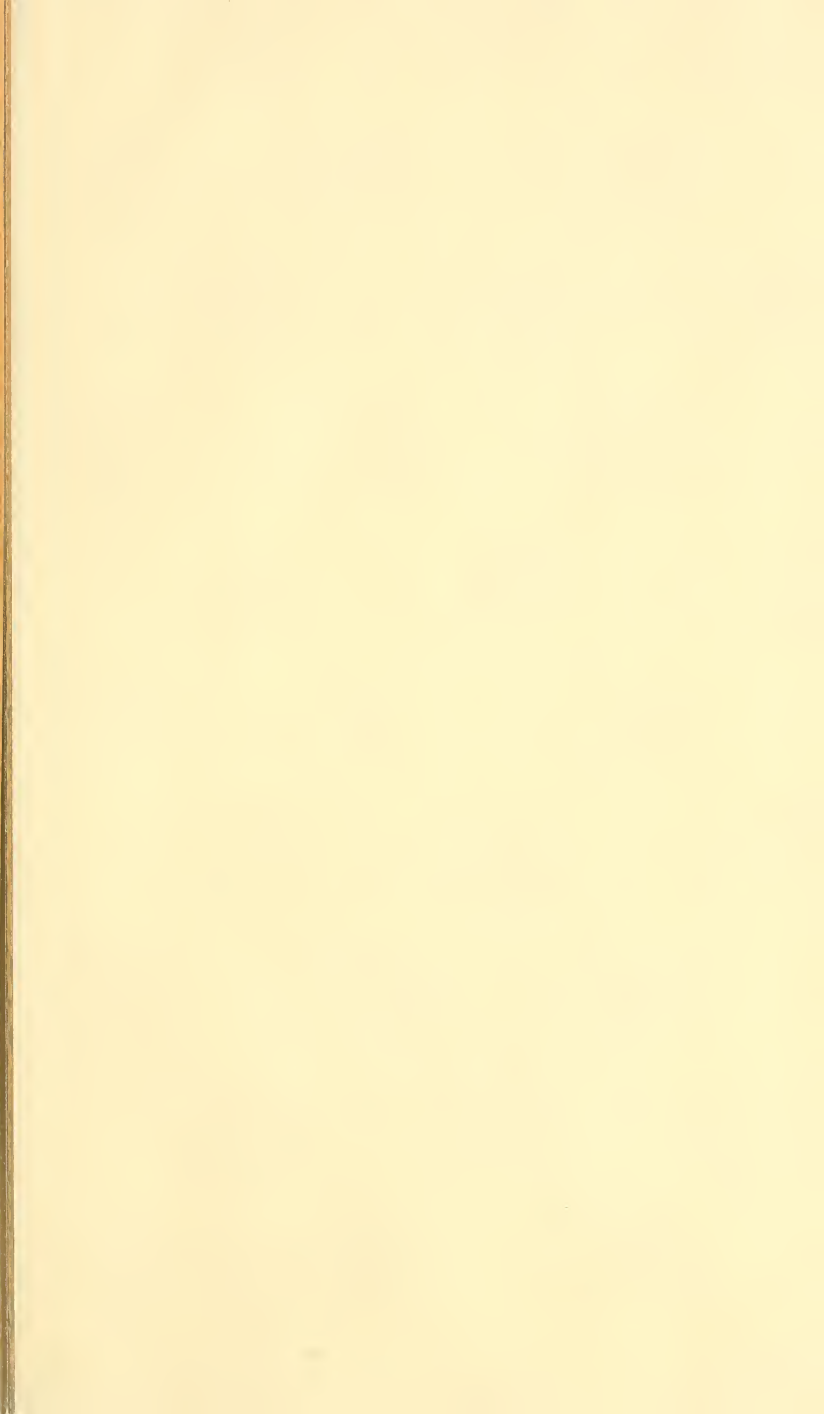
“It is my country that sent its manhood to fight and die for that cause. It is my country that stands here on the great Western continent, facing the future with faith undimmed, ideals untarnished, in the full strength of her prime, the world acknowledged champion of the right of man. God save my country!”

*“Yes, it is good to battle, and good
to be strong and free,
To carry the hearts of a people to
the uttermost ends of the sea,
To see the day steal up the bay,
where the enemy lies in wait,
To run your ship to the harbor’s lip
and sink her across the strait,
But better the golden evening, when
the ships round heads for home,
And the long gray miles slip swiftly
past, in a swirl of seething foam,
And the people wait, at the haven’s
gate, to greet the men who win,
Thank God for peace! Thank God
for peace, when the great gray
ships come in.”*





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